

TERPSICHOE ENTERED BICYCLE WONDERLAND.

Brilliant, Though Unexpected,
Denouement of the Jour-
nal's Big Parade.

Cyclists Assembled for Judg-
ment Accepted Music's Invi-
tation to Waltz.

Impromptu Cycle Costume Ball the
Equal of Which New York
Has Never Seen.

JUDGES AMAZED THEN CHARMED.

So, in the Metropolitan Bicycle Academy,
Wheelmen and Wheelwomen Danced
Till Sunlight Dimmed Their
Brilliance.

The bal masque at the Metropolitan Bi-
cycle Academy after the parade was a
surprise party not announced on the bills,
to speak in theatrical parlance—and a gala
scene, the multitude, disintegrating in the
streets, homeward bound, dreamed not of—
a surprise party that the occasion evolved,
and one, as Bronson Howard observed, that
would long be remembered, as attractive
and interesting as the parade.

Mark Twain and I, both carpet-baggers
in the city at the time, attended a French
bal masque at Irving Hall some years ago
(when the Lotus Club was opposite), at
which the can-can, then the rage in Paris,
was danced for the first time in America,
and no one was allowed in attendance who
was not in costume, he going as *Blanc Boru*
and I as *Hamlet*. Since then various an-
nual bal masques have been given at the
Academy of Music, the Madison Square
Garden and the Metropolitan Opera House
by the Cercle de l'Harmonie Française, the
Liederkrantz and the Arion (none of which
I have ever missed attending, and so can
speak authoritatively), but each year the
tendency has been to leave the costume
wearing to some others, and the
result has been that the bal masques have
proved dullness, inasmuch as the conven-
tional evening dress predominated, and
consequently the most complete masquerade
I have ever witnessed was the motley as-
semblage in the spacious amphitheatre of
the Metropolitan Bicycle Academy, as all
were in costume. As the judges picked out
a rider in the parade he or she was picked
by the alert couriers and ordered to await
the final inspection at the Academy after
the procession.

I would not have missed this spectacle
for a good deal. It was indeed and in
truth a masquerade, the beautiful display
of patriotic bunting and electric illumina-
tion enhancing the grotesqueness and
picturesqueness. The contrasts of color
and adornments were most interesting
and vitalizing to the eye. I recall some at-
tractive fancy dress carnavals on the stat-
ue grounds of the associations then popu-
lar in the days of my youth, but never
such a mise en scene of masquerade as
that presented by the crowd of the choicest
specimens of the great bicycle carnival
commemorative of the great transconti-
nental bicycle race against time.

Of course, the strains of the band
prompted dancing, and the joy was not
confined. Attractive as the parade was,
in the splendid illumination of the route,
the bal masque in the bicycle roadway, un-
mediated and spontaneous, was some-
thing to be remembered as a gala scene.

CHANDOS FULTON.

When the multitude that witnessed the
greatest bicycle parade in the history of
the all-conquering wheel dispersed, more
than satisfied, in the early hours of yester-
day, it did not know it was missing the
most brilliant feature of the whole affair.

Not even the judges had an inkling of
the splendid climax of the night's carnival
that awaited their arrival at the Metro-
politan Bicycle Academy, where they were
to deliver their verdicts and award prizes.
Not even those who prepared for the sur-
prise conceived the extent to which it was
to be improved upon by the spontaneous
action of the competing wheelmen and
wheelwomen.

The occasion was the birth of a new and
most alluring form of the bal masque in
the costume bicycle ball; and those who joined
in the novel festivities and were privileged
to witness them will remember the occasion
for a long time to come.

The management of the Metropolitan
Bicycle Academy had been lavish in its
preparations for the reception of the com-
peting wheelmen and judges. The Boul-
vard at Sixtieth street was rendered almost
as light as day by the huge chandeliers of
Chinese lanterns suspended on either side.
The entrance was decorated, and the
interior of the academy was gorgeous with
electric lights, bunting and flowers. As the
hour for the return of the contestants drew
near a fine band engaged by Mr. Bridgman
tuned up!

Music's Invitation to Waltz.

According to the directions of the of-
ficials in charge of the parade all the
cyclists selected by the judges to compete
for the Journal's prizes dropped out of the
line at Sixtieth street, and rode their hand-
somely decorated wheels into the Academy.
Immediately on entering their ears were
filled with an inspiring dance selection by
the band. They applauded the lights and
decorations, and suddenly the spacious
floor and their own fancy costumes took
on an added significance.

There was a moment of indecision, and
then as by a common inspiration the con-
tenders raised their wheels against the
floor and took the floor in a new charac-
ter—that of participants in a fancy dress
ball.

The band was quick to take the hint.
The ice was broken with a waltz, and when
the judges arrived they were at first be-
wildered by the transportation of a bicycle
parade into a brilliant fancy ball with a
collar in progress.

The management of the academy was
about to put an end to the gay scene by
stopping the music, in order that the work
of the judges might proceed, but was pre-
vented by Bronson Howard, Chandos Ful-
ton and James R. Townsend, who declared
the ball the legitimate climax of the carnival.
The other judges being of the same
mind, the dancing continued until nearly 3
o'clock.

Till Daylight Did Appear.

"Miss Electricity," with her blazing er-
ect, accepted as partners impartially
laphists, Li Hung Changs and Romeos;
half a dozen "Queens of the Night," in
their dusky draperies and their incandesc-
ent stars, proved that practice with the
pedals had made them no strangers to
Terpsichore; there was no prosaic inter-
ruption of the legitimate climax of the car-
nival, as at all other costume balls with
which New York is familiar, but all was



THE PART OF THE JOURNAL'S BICYCLE FETE THE PUBLIC MISSED.

When those of the wheelmen and wheelwomen who had been looked upon, with special favor by the judges gathered at the Metropolitan Bicycle Academy for the last selection of the prize winners, the sound of dance music welcomed them. It needed but the response of a few nimble feet to this invitation to transform the end of the pageant into a brilliant cycle costume ball. The judges entered into the spirit of the fun, and the bicy-
clists danced till the sun paled their bright costumes.

CLUBS THAT WON PRIZES.

Some of the Successful Competitors in the Journal's
Grand Bicycle Spectacle in Honor of
the Relay Couriers.

The prizes awarded to the clubs that took part in the Journal's grand
bicycle parade on Saturday night are as follows:

The first prize, a solid silver punch bowl, for the most tasteful and
effective illumination of its bicycles, awarded to the Harlem Wheelmen.
Prize to the New York club having the largest number of riders in
line, a solid silver punch bowl and ladle, awarded to the Century Wheel-
men.

Prize to the New York club making the finest appearance, a solid
silver loving cup, awarded to the Harlem Wheelmen.

Prize to the Brooklyn club having the largest number of riders in
line, a solid silver loving cup, awarded to the Paramount Wheelmen.

Prize to the Brooklyn club making the finest appearance, a solid sil-
ver tobacco jar, gilded; awarded to the South Brooklyn Wheelmen.

Prize to the visiting club having the largest number of riders in line,
a solid silver loving cup, awarded to the Hackensack Wheelmen.

Prize to the visiting club making the finest appearance, a solid silver
bowl, awarded to the Clio Wheelmen.

Prize to military company having the largest number in line, a solid
silver loving cup, awarded to Company E, Eighth Regiment.

Prize to military company making the finest appearance, a solid sil-
ver loving cup, awarded to Company E, Eighth Regiment.

Honorable mention, too, must be made of the illumination of the bi-
cycles ridden by the Century Club, which was very handsome and ef-
fective.

Honorable mention must likewise be made of the illuminating fea-
tures used by the Riverside Wheelmen of this city.

All the bicycle clubs looked well and added greatly to the success of
the carnival.

The Journal extends its thanks to all the clubs that took part in Sat-
urday night's festival, and can assure them they will have other oppor-
tunities of competing for prizes.

The Journal has added to the list of prizes already announced to be
given for features in Saturday night's competition, a special club prize,
awarded to the Calumet Bicycle Club; a prize awarded to the most
graceful lady rider; one for the best illuminated group of wheels; one
for the best float on bicycles; and two, a first and second, to children.

All of these, and the prizes awarded to individual riders, will be an-
nounced in the Journal to-morrow or next day.

It is doubtful whether the judges in any bicycle event ever held had
so much hard work to do as on Saturday night. There were nearly
three hundred selected from the cyclists who passed before the review-
ing stand, and there were so many good features it was daylight Sun-
day before their labors were concluded. One or two points have still to
be settled, when the final decision will be announced.

The Journal desires to state it is arranging for a big bicycle car-
nival, to be held indoors during the coming winter, date and particulars
of which will be published later.

Harlem Wheelmen, Clio Cyclists, the Para-
mounts and the South Brooklyn Wheel-
men Are Full of Pride.

It was a day of joy yesterday at the
handsome clubhouse of the Harlem Wheel-
men, No. 21 West One Hundred and
Twenty-fourth street. Not until 4 o'clock
did the members of the club begin to
talk about their good fortune in cap-
turing the first prize for best general ap-
pearance in the great parade.

The beautiful trophy which these wheel-
men won Saturday night will be the piece
de resistance in a bevy of prizes which
adorn the parlors of their clubhouse. The
one that is now most prized is the elegant
loving cup presented to them by the Jour-
nal at Long Branch July 18 last. During
the fifteen years since their organization
the Harlem club have been very success-
ful. They have five gaily bedecked cham-
pagne bottles, each of which tells a story
of a midnight race to Tarrytown on New
Year's nights, that took daring and courage
to win.

A silver cup tells that the club made the
finest appearance in the Floral Carnival at
Saratoga on September 1. Another re-
counts the victory of their team in a road

race with Kings County wheelmen in 1885.
A third, the George R. Bidwell Cup, was
won for best appearance in the parade in
Brooklyn June 20, 1891. They also won a
pair of large bronze figures at the opening
of the Coney Island Cycles path; the first
prize in the team road race of the Subur-
ban Cycling League, July 15, 1893; first
prize in the team race of the Staten Island
Athletic Club in Madison Square Garden,
March 5, 1892, and first prize for ap-
pearance in the Manhattan Club's lantern
parade in 1892.

The Harlem Wheelmen have a mem-
bership of 250, with the following officers:
Charles M. Thomas, president; James M.
Dunbar, vice-president; Charles Brown, sec-
retary; Leslie Smith, treasurer, and An-
drew J. Englebert, captain. Much of the
credit for the club's fine showing Saturday
night is due to William R. Lowe, chair-
man of the Committee on Athletics, who

had the organization of the parade squad
in charge.

"If we had been conducting the parade
ourselves we should have given the Har-
lem Wheelmen the first prize."

That was the spirit in which the mem-
bers of the Century Wheelmen took the
verdict of the jury of awards. That is
identically what several of the members of
this splendid organization said yesterday
while discussing the parade at their new
club house, No. 749 West Seventy-first
street. They were not only thoroughly
pleased with the decision of the judges,
but were also enthusiastic over the parade
itself.

The Century Wheelmen have cause to be
proud of the excellent showing which they
made in the great pageant. Although only
eighteen months old, this club has the
largest membership of any wheelmen's
organization in the metropolitan district.

From their first home, No. 310 West Fifty-
third street, they have moved into elegant
new quarters in West Seventy-first street,
near the Boulevard. The officers are: J.
Bingley, president; Waldo E. Rice, vice-
president; J. H. Goodwin, secretary; H.
North, corresponding secretary; G. J.
Kraemer, treasurer; Matthew Gibb, cap-
tain; P. J. Murray, first lieutenant; Charles
Kraemer, second lieutenant; Thomas Mig-
gins, color bearer, and Max Bernhardt,
bugler. They had 200 men in line Sat-
urday night, and some of their members had
unusually fine individual decorations on
their wheels. J. B. Davis and A. Leiser
rode together on gaily adorned wheels,
bearing a huge floral representation of a
Flemish wheel between them. E. S. Ed-
wards had his wheel covered by a tent,
covered entirely with copies of the Journal.
The club's mascot, little Miss Bessie Woods,
rode a wheel covered with a beautifully
illuminated pink canopy. E. H. Proudman
was arrayed in a full dress suit made of
copies of the Journal.

In the pretty Gothic clubhouse of the Clio
Bicycle Club at Fairmount avenue and the
Boulevard, Jersey City, there was joy yester-
day, when the news was received that
the club had been awarded the prize as the
best appearing visiting club. The Clios
are not unused to prize winning, but as
President Smith expressed it, "It means
something to win in a competition like that
of Saturday night."

The Clio club is only two years old, and
it has been in its present home only since
January 1, 1896. It has a membership of
215. Its officers are: President, W. H.
Smith, Jr.; vice-president, P. C. H.; sec-
retary, E. B. Fisher; treasurer, W. Marbey;
captain, John J. Corley; first lieutenant,
A. F. Gramman; second lieutenant, John L.
Ward.

There was much satisfaction in the Para-
mounts' pretty clubhouse, at No. 121 Fifty-
third street, South Brooklyn, when it was
learned yesterday that the club had been
successful in turning out the largest num-
ber of men of any Brooklyn bicycle club
and so winning a prize.

The Paramounts have only a mem-
bership of ninety, but their showing was a
fine one. The club was organized in 1893,
and its officers are: President, Nelson Wil-
ber; vice-president, Richard Heepe; treas-
urer, Frederick Holte; secretary, W. A.
Armstrong; corresponding secretary, E. A.
Stockton; financial secretary, Edward
Jaehne; captain, E. H. Gargar.

The South Brooklyn Wheelmen, who
were awarded the prize as the best ap-
pearing Brooklyn club, learned of their good
fortune yesterday afternoon. Their club-
house, is at No. 478 Ninth street. Members
of the club express no end of satisfaction
at their success in the parade.

The South Brooklyn club has a membership
of 155, and their uniforms of dark blue
and silver will be remembered by specta-
tors as among the most attractive in the
line. The club was organized in 1889 and
incorporated in 1893. President, C. J.
Obermayer; vice-president, F. N. Bruner;
treasurer, A. W. Hudson; secretary, N. K.
Macdonald; financial secretary, E. P.
Lieseung; captain, J. H. Greene; first lieut-
enant, E. W. Greene; second lieutenant,
T. F. Christie.

Our only daughter had a severe cold. We
thought she was going into consumption. We
gave her Joyce's Expecto-rant, and in a very lit-
tle time she fully recovered.—A. B. Massey,
Fairfield, Conn., Nov. 8, 1895.

The best Family Pill—Joyce's Painless Saus-
age.—Advt.

OLD SOL LAUGHED AT THE MERRY WHEELMEN.

The Journal Didn't Expect
That When It Planned
the Cycle Pageant.

But There Was Too Much Fun
and Brilliance to Crowd
into One Night.

Throughout the Whole Spectacle
the Police Did Gallant and
Effective Work.

CHEERS FOR GENERAL C. H. T. COLLIS.

Bicyclists Remembered His Hearty Sympathy
with Them and How He Helped
the Journal Light the
Boulevard.

The Journal's big bicycle parade was still
in progress Saturday night when the paper
went to press. At that time every foot of
vantage space along the streets and ave-
nues through which the brilliantly lighted
wheels passed was occupied, and necessarily
a part of the story of the great pageant in
honor of the relay couriers had to be left
untold.

There were 10,000 cyclists in the parade
proper, and a hundred clubs were out in
full force and practice-perfected formation.
Fully 300,000 persons looked and chatted
and admired and cheered as the fantasti-
cally beautiful wheels glided along the
route of march.

The enthusiasm of cyclists found its ex-
pression along the five miles extent of that
triumphal parade in the cheering thou-
sands, the decoration of business and pri-
vate houses and the waving salutes of
clouds of hats and handkerchiefs.

The police arrangements were perfect.
Acting Inspector Harley at the point of
formation had a squad of stalwart men
early on the ground to hold the crowds in
check, and they were needed, not on ac-
count of any obstreperous disposition on
the part of the multitudes, but by reason
of the tremendous size of the crowds. At
the grandstand and turning point of the
parade Inspector McCullagh with a big
force of men kept open highways for the
wheelmen and safe order for the specta-
tors. Other captains with big details of
men had charge of the intervening dis-
tances of the route of the parade, and their
work was splendidly done.

Roundsman Lake was in command of the
squad of sixteen bicycle policemen who
acted as the escort to the pageant, and
their efficiency was everywhere remarked.
They got as much applause as the clubs.

Up at the reviewing stand General C. H.
T. Collis, Commissioner of Public Works;
Bronson Howard, the playwright; Police
Commissioner Andrews, Mr. C. C. Hughes,
Chandos Fulton, the veteran journalist, and
Mr. James E. Townsend viewed the pas-
sage of the parade, standing and taking notes,
which were later to govern their awarding
of the prizes.

All the wheelmen and wheelwomen knew
General Collis, and remembered his nota-
ble services in their interests in regard to
the improvement of highways, and espe-
cially his favorable action looking to the
lighting of the Boulevard. The General in
consequence received an enthusiastic and
continuous ovation from the riders as they
swept past. Whole divisions had yells
ready for him, and at two-minute intervals
the air was cleft with a rhythmic and
deafening shout of:

"C-o-l-l-i-s—Collis! Collis! Collis!"

At each repetition of it the General would
blush like a boy and bow like a Chester-
field.

After the pageant was over the con-
testants for the Journal prizes and the
judges who were to decide as to their
claims met at the Metropolitan Bicycle
Academy. The brilliant scene there is
elsewhere described.

When the judges had examined all the
costumes and decorations offered in com-
petition, had compared notes and made
their final awards, they then went out just peep-
ing over the trees of Central Park.

SHE GOT ONLY PITY.

Mrs. Jane Cassidy, Seventy-four Years Old
Held on a Charge of Stealing a Purse
in a Sixth Avenue Store.

A pathetic figure was Mrs. Jane Cassidy,
who was held in \$300 bail for trial for
larceny in the Jefferson Market Police
Court yesterday. She is seventy-four years
of age, and every year in her long life has
left its imprint on her wrinkled face and
bent form. She was neatly clad and the light
of a kindly soul shone from her weak blue
eyes. A crown of soft, snow white hair
peeped from beneath her bonnet, and a
plain, heavy gold ring harmonized in color
with her yellow, skinny hands, crossed
with big, bony joints, as she clasped her
muscles. As she protested her innocence
before the Magistrate she excited pity in
every heart, but she stands charged with
stealing, and the evidence against her is
seemingly strong.

Miss Louise Elron, a detective in O'Neill's
dry goods store, on Sixth Avenue, was the
complainant. She said she had seen the
old woman in the store several times re-
cently, and each time she suspected her
of trying to steal the purses of customers.
On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Cassidy en-
tered the store, and the detective resolved
to see if her suspicions were well founded.
Pretending she was a customer, she went
to the counter at which Mrs. Cassidy was
standing and hid down her purse, contain-
ing \$8.15. Then she went to another
counter, all the time keeping her eye on
Mrs. Cassidy. She said the old woman
threw her handkerchief over the purse and
was walking away with it, when she
stopped her and turned her over to Police-
man McVea, of the West Thirtieth Street
Station.

Mrs. Cassidy stoutly maintained that she
was innocent. She said she lived in Es-
sex street, Buffalo, and came to this city
to visit some friends in Houston street.
She did not give the names of her friends
and no one called to see her yesterday.

New Orleans Flurry Is Past.

Washington, Sept. 13.—Acting Controller
Coffin has received a telegram from Bank
Examiner Johnson, at New Orleans, stat-
ing that the financial situation there was easier
and that the Clearing House Committee was
issuing certificates to all banks that asked for
them. There was transferred to New Orleans
from New York by the Treasury Saturday \$400,-
000 in currency.

Ambrosoli's Murderer Found Dead.
Hills Park, Mass., Sept. 13.—The body of
Charles Baedruppe, who murdered Hotel Kep-
er Ambrosoli, of Boston, yesterday, was found
on the bank of the Neponset river, at Holm-
field. This morning the body was removed by a
bullet through the head. A revolver was lying
near, indicating suicide.